

SHARP'S

NEW



LONDON SONGSTER ;

BEING A

COLLECTION OF THE NEWEST & MOST FAVORITE
SONGS OF THE DAY.

Contents:

Agnes
A Jew's a Man for all that
Arrah, Paddy, how you Bother me
A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky
By Silver Streams
Bang goes the Door—with dialogue
Bob the Groom
Billy Barlow
Bachelor's Fare
Comfortless Home
Constantey
Catalini Joe, the Ballad Monger
Dear, in Pity do not Speak
Free and Easy
He was Famed
I've Journeyed over many Lands
I'll not be Married yet
I wish I had a Sweetheart
I'm Owre Young to Marry yet
Jack Oakham at the Play
Know'st thou the Land
My Beautiful Rhine

My Mother bids me Bind my Hair
Oh, Ole Varginny am the Place, Boys
Oh, where is my lover
Old Englands shall weather the siorm
Pat's Wonderful Drum
Simon the Cellarer
The Mountain Daisy
The Rummy old Cadger
The little Fat Grey Man
The English Jacks
The Fidgety Man
The Life of a Vagabond
The Rose will cease to blow
The Show Time's Coming Boys
The First Violet
The Bay of Naples
The Charming Woman
The Song of the Outcast
The Cabin Boy
Village Maids
Where are you going my pretty Maid

LONDON :

PUBLISHED BY

JAMES PATTIE, SHOE LANE,

FLEET STREET.

OH! OLE VARGINNY AM DE PLACE, BOYS.

Music Published by Mitchell, Old Bond Street.

I wish I was in ole Varginny,
Wid Dinah and de Pickerniny,
Just sitting down to dinner, off of gumbo,
For dat's de bery ting for jumbo.
Oh! ole Varginny am de place, boys,
Whar a sassy nigger neber dares to shew his
face, boys.

'Tis dar de yaller gals am beautiful,
And massa's bery kind and dutiful;
Dar de rice and homminy am plenty,
Poor niggers stomach dur am neber empty.
Oh! ole Varginny am de place, boys,
Whar dandy nigger shine on Sunday wid a
grace boys.

De fair sex dar am quite bewitching,
For should you eber meet one in de kitchen,
You sure to feel your heart a growing bigger
When you hear her cry out—Oh you lubly
nigger,

Oh! ole Varginny am de place, boys,
Whar a hansom gal arnt asham'd to look y'in
de face, boys.

I wanted lubly Dinah for a wife, sar,
But I did'n't say a word upon my life sar;
I roll'd my eye, and grinn'd, but didn't speak
sar,

An Dinah was my chum, chum, in a week, sar,
Oh, ole Varginny am de place, boys,
Whar you'll get a wife for sure by grinning in
her face, boy.

THE ENGLISH JACKS.

Published by J. Beuler, 4, Bury Place, Bloomsbury.

Jean Jaques Rousseau, a Frenchman gay,
Who had in England made a stay,
Observed to me, 'Ah, what a knack
You have of using name of Jack!'
I go on board a man of war,
And hear the sailor called *Jack Tar*
And then the ship was nam'd *A-jax*,
And they had *Jackets* on their backs.
And the fine flag that vent flick-flack,
They told me vos the *Union Jack*
Ha! ha! I say, I tell no crack
In England ev'ry thing is *Jack*!
Yes, yes, oui, oui, oui, oui, oui, oui,

In England, &c.

I jump from boat when I come back,
And man exclaim, 'remember Jack!'

'Jack Tar?' I ask, he say, 'no, sare,
They call me Jack in the vatere.'
Vell, I'll remember Jack, I say.
Vhenc'er again I come this vay;
And when you do, monseer, he hoots,
You'd better bring your great Jack-Boots!
Ah, Jack again! that word is handy!
Oh, there goes monseer Jack-a-dandy!
One Mister Jackson, keeps the house
In which I'm living, and his spouse,
When her son Jackey gets in scrapes,
Calls him Jack-sauce and Jack-an-apes.
Jack broke in pieces, vith his knocks,
A toy they call, 'Jack-in-the-box';
And bits of looking glass he shakes,
And then the 'Jack-a-lantern' makes,
And calls me when on mischief bent,
Monsieur soup-maigre Jack-a-lent!
As in the kitchen down I stroll,
I see some cloth upon a roll;
I ask them what they call that there—
They say—that is Jack towel, sare.
Vith what you roast that fine quack-quack.
It's what we call a bottle-Jack.
And what is that? Oh, that is broke,
But 'tis a Jack that works by smoke;
And that thing at the chimney back?
Oh, that, monsieur, is the pot-Jack;
Pot-Jack! I say, I tell no crack,
In England ev'ry thing is Jack!

I dine on fish, my lips I smack,
And ask its name they tell me, Jack;
I play at cards and cut the pack,
A turn up what they call a Jack.
Then there is something to be seen,
I look it is the Jack-in-the-green;
And comic man, that dance the mud in,
People call a rum Jack-pudding;
When driven off by the police,
They cry out 'Jack-in-the-officee.'
Vith Jack you raise great weight with care:
You roast and jug the fine Jack-hare!
Your boy upon the see-saw strides
And calls himself Jack-on-both sides;
You've Jack in proverbs, here is one,
Jack vill ne'er make a gentleman;
Another, which you say, is this,
"Oh, Jack, good as his master is,"
And girls e-jac-ulate good lack;
For ev'ry Jill there is a Jack.

In historee your auteurs write
Of Jac-obine and Jac-obite:
Your Jac-obus gold coin I've met,
And there's your muslin Jac-onet,
Jack's a pitcher made of leather,
"Jack-by-the hedge," a herb you gather.

and figure of mechanic pow'r,
 Jack of-the-clock-house, strikes the hour.
 Jack means a coat of mail I've heard,
 and Jack's the male of a man and bird.

Some rogues you to Port Jackson send,
 and some you give Jack Ketches end;
 Jacks you saw your wood I think,
 and Jacks-of-all-trades 'Jackey' drink.
 You play at bowls and get the knack,
 bowling nearest to the Jack;
 'Tis boot e'er pinch you like a rack,
 to take it off you get a Jack.

Then there are animals that you call
 Jack-daw, Jack-ass, and the Jack-all—
 Jack-all, I say, I'll tell no crack,
 in England, ev'ry thing's all Jack, &c.

THE FIDGETY MAN.

"You ask for a song, I cannot refuse ye,"
 Said Caroline Chanter, and thus she began;
 As he's first in my mind, I will sing of my
 spousy,

And that is to say, of a fidgety man.
 He makes my heart nervous and go pit-a-pat,
 For when he's at home there is nothing goes
 right;
 He musn't do this, nor one musn't do that,
 And he frets about trifles from morning till
 night,

And he's fidgety fidgety, whimsical oddity.
 Pettish and peevish, do all that one can;
 Stubbish and snappy, then if you'd be happy,
 Oh, ladies, ne'er marry a fidgety man.

A string to his collar should e'er be forgotten,
 'Tis sure to upset him the whole of the day;
 And I, if his wristband's in want of a button
 Advise ev'ry one to keep out of the way.
 And if not well air'd, he should fancy his
 clothes,
 He'll shiver and shake and continue to scold
 How careless you are, now, oh, dear,
 I suppose by the chill that I feel I shall have
 a fine cold!

He's full of alarm when we're seated at dinner
 Lest illness arise, if he take this or that;
 'Tis when he can't eat well he thinks he gets
 thinner, [fat!
 And when he eats hearty he think's he's too
 thin, if I take much butter or nuts he'll begin,
 "Ah, you well know that with you they
 never agree!"
 And if I poke the fire what a fidget he's in!
 For no one can manage a stir-up like he.

If a tile be blown down when the weather
 windy,
 He thinks that the house is a going to fall;
 And for fear of the flooring, when we have a
 party,
 He'll never allow any dancing at all.

As some mortar was washed down the chimney
 one night. [ran,
 Full of fear from the house in his slippers he
 In a puddle and wetting his feet in his fright,
 He ever since fancies the gout's coming on!

When I send out the servant to walk with the
 children,

He's all in a fidget until they come back,
 Tho' when they're at home, 'caus he thinks
 them bewild'ring, [smack—

The poor little creatures get smack upon
 Which fidgets the young ones and they fidget
 me,

For they fidget about one a-crying, Mamma;
 I didn't nothing at all it was she!—

"I'm sure it was not; but you know that
 papa

Is fidgety, fidgety, whimsical oddity!

It ran in his head Bank of England was failing
 And so he, in haste, all his money withdrew;
 But then thought so much of house-breaking
 and stealing,

That till he returned it he was in a stew.
 Then he fidgets the servants which makes them
 rebel, [to go!

And then they give warning with—Sorry
 The wages and you, ma'am, we like very well,
 But master is alwas fidgeting so!"

Spoken.—Oh, yes, ma'am, we're all sorry for you—
 you've a deal to put up with! and we often say, when
 he's in his tantrums,—What a pitty it is Missus can't
 give master warning!

For he's fidgety, fidgety, whimsical oddity!
 Pettish and peevish do all that one can!

And snubbish and snappy!—to stop should
 be happy,
 But really we can't with a fidgety man!

THE LIFE OF A VAGABOND.

Tune.—The Admiral.

How jocular, how merrily, my life has pass'd
 along, [in a song,

With your express permission I'll inform you
 My vagabond propensities began when quite a
 child, [Wild.

For even in my swaddling cloths I was a little
 At every London Station they found me with
 a bed, [down to Z

And all the New Police I know from A right

On flat fish I contrive to live, though some
they call me a shark—
Who would not be a vagabond? it's such a
jolly lark!

Tune—Nix my dolly pals.
In a crib of the Rookery I was born—
On a truss of straw for the bed was in pawn—
Fake away!

My family never were famous for pelf,
So I have nothing a year and keep myself—
Nix my dolly, pals, fake away!

Nix my dolly, &c.

Tune—Sich a gettin up stairs.
And then, not knowing what to do,
I got engag'd in a travelling show,
Where we manag'd to pull the people in,
By tumbling, and juggling, and playing on my
chin.

Sich a gettin up stairs,
And collaring the rowdy;
Sich a gettin, &c.

Spoken—Now then, all in to commence here! Here's
the great Wizard of the North from the island of Italy
in the Pacific Ocean, about to commence for the last
time—recollect for the last time—before it begins again

Sich a, &c.

Tune—Biddy the Basket Woman.
Hey for Epsom's glorious downs—
Derby day renown'd in story—

Midst the swells and Surry clowns,
There was I in all my glory.
Stables keeping, brushing hats—
'Dorling's List'—alive and nimble—
Housing cocknies—queering flats—
Or practising the pea and thimble.

Hey for, &c.

Then with a rusty suit of black,
I takes my stand in Leicester Square, sir—
With umbrellas on rainy nights,
And 'Ladies side combs, a penny a pair!

sir.

I crockery can neatly join.
With a ha'penny lump of 'Paris glue sir—
Or with my 'Patent Castile Soap'
I'll make old clothes appear like new, sir.

Spoken—Now then, my customers, only one penny a
lump. Warranted to take out all sorts of stains—such
as ink stains, tar stains, fruit stains, pitch stains, grease
stains, and all other sorts of stains out of all sorts of silks
challies, bombazines, Gros de Naples, cottons and Or-
leans, with a little wet or common silver—nothing better
in fact you never would think that there had been a
stain there before. Step forward little boy—let me try
the experiment on your collar. You see the stain is
perfectly removed—in fact you never would think there
had been a stain there before. Only one penny per
lump, and thank you, ma'am!

Hey down, ho down, derry derry down,
A vagabond's life passes gaily, O.

THE LITTLE FAT GREY MAN

There is a little man dressed all in gray.
He lives in the city, and he's always gay.
He's round as an apple, plump as a pear,
He has not a shilling, nor has he a care,
Yet he laughs and he sings—ha, ha, ha!
What a merry little fat grey man!

He drinks without counting the number
glasses, [lasser]
He sings merry songs, and flirts with
He has debts, he has duns—when bailiff's d
near,

He shuts up his door and shuts up his ear.
If the rain through the roof his garret floor
In his bed, snoring snugly, the rain he forgo
In bleach cold November, it hails and it snow
If the fire goes out his fingers he blows,
And he sings, and he laughs, &c.

BOB THE GROOM.

Tune—Lucy Neal

My young swells, come pity, pray,
The life of poor old Bob,
Who's been a stunner on the turf,
But now he wants a job.
I understand the stable work—
I'm a good 'un at a sale;
But, alas! they've run me off the road,
For the swells all go by the rail.
Oh, poor Bob, the groom,
Unhappy Bob, the groom—
Listen to the ups and downs
Of poor old Bob the groom.

When quite a lad I was cowboy,
But I left home with the Dart,
To live with young Lord Chesterfield,
A merry tiger smart.
I next became a knowing knave,
So was made a stable lad;
But, lord, I got so wide awake,
That I drove the coachman mad.

I next was seen a jockey boy,
With jacket, spurs, and whip—
I larn't the way to win or loose,
Just according to the tip.
At that time o'day swells come out flash,
They didn't mind the tin;
But though they often took me out,
I often took them in.

I next became a regular groom,
And some rummy tricks did play,
I hauled the beans, the hay and corn.
But got found out and sent away;

at among the maids I made it right,
For I kissed the cook so fat,
And though master thought I'd left the place,
I lived with him three years arter that.

Then I married cook, and bought a cab
With two such nobby horses,
But very soon I lost my tin,
For I'd nothing else but losses.
Next was seen in Smithfield run,
And I made it worth my while,
For I made the old hacks cock their tails,
'Cos I ginger'd 'em in style.

Yes, I could make a blinker see,
And could patch up every wound,
But alas, they gave me seven years,
For selling one unsound.

Then I return'd to Regent Street,
And with Newman got employ,
I ran the Kent Road just three years,
A regular flash post boy.

But alas, the rail it cook'd my gosse,
And drove them off the land,
So I got a ticket and a place,
To water a coach stand.

I drove a buss for seven days,
And I drove the parcel mail,
But because I found a leather trunk,
They popp'd me into jail.

Now I hold the horses.
Up and down Pall Mall,
But lord, the tin comes very slow,
Though I knows every swell.
Yes, youngsters, if you wish to thrive,
Honesty will bring most gains;
While you post the road of life,
Mind never loose the reins

THE MOUNTAIN DAISY.

Sung by Madlle Jetty Treffz.

Down the mountain early blithely I take my
way. [ray ;

While the dew is sparkling in the sun's first
light my heart is beating, full of hope the
while; [warm smile.

Oh! how sweet is labour, cheer'd by love's
down the mountain early blithely I take my
singing as I go some merry roundelay. [way.

La la la.

When day's toil is over homeward I bend my
feet,

These glad smiling faces, happy hearts I meet;
Round the board we gather, our frugal meal
to share,

Cheerful and contented, free from worldly care
Down the mountain, &c.

SIMON THE CELLARER.

Published by Addison & Co. Regent Street.

Old Simon the cellarer, keeps a rare store
Of Malmsey and Malvosie,
And Cyprus, and who can say how many more
For a chary old soul is he.
Of Sack and Canary he never doth fail,
And all the year round there is brewing of ale
Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,
While he keeps to his sober six flagons a-day
But, ho ! ho ! ho ! his nose doth shew
How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.

Dame Magery sits in her own still room,
And a matronage is she ;
From thence oft at Curfew is wafted a fume,
She says it is Rosemarie ;
But there's a small cupboard behind the back
stair, [there.
And the maids say they often see Margery
Now, Margery says, that she grows very old.
And must take a something to keep out the
cold !
But, ho ! ho ! ho ! old Simon doth know,
Where many a flask of his best doth go.

THE RUMMY OLD CADGER !

Tune—The Gipsy King.

Oh, a rummy old cadger am I,
And I arn't asham'd of my trade—
If you don't want to starve, by the bye,
Why you must not stand nice to a shade.
Hard vork, bless you never could vin
My affections it—it never would pay,
Because I could always turn in,
A precious sight more t'other way.
Vot a rummy old cadger am I !
Ha, ha !
Vot a rummy old cadger am I !

On Monday to raise the supplies,
Ven I know folks is feeling inclin'd,
I turns up the whites of my eyes,
And down Oxford Street I shams blind.
Folks pity me because I can't see,
So I pitches a blind tale of length—
Then I pockets the ochre with glee,
And gets jolly well drunk on the strength.

On Tuesday I changes my rags,
And makes myself white as a sheet,
Then chucks my corps down on the flags,
And shams a long fit in the street.
Folks gather me nearly a pound,
And some brandy to comfort me too—
But nothing so soon brings me round,
As the sight of a Peeler in blue

On Wednesday to turn in the tin,
To the water side next take my rout,
But I always take care to jump in,
When there's plenty to pull me safe out.
Poor fellow he has had some bad luck!
They exclaim dropping summut a piece,
So I doesn't mind getting a duck,
As long as I pick up the geese.

On Thursday I vunce us'd to swing
On the end of a lamp post near town,
But von day I vos cotch'd in a string,
'Cos my pal delay'd in cutting me down.
My wizzen it gave such a stretch,
Thinks I scragging myself it won't pay,
For I've not the least doubt but Jack Ketch
Will save me that trouble some day.

My old woman in spite of her charms,
Goes and borrows a couple of twins,
And carries them round in her arms
Which every one's sympathy vins.
When respectable persons pass by,
She pinches them twice in a place,
Which makes the dear babbies both cry,
To strengthen her heartrending case.

Sometimes a long letter she'll write,
To say how she was seduc'd,
By a gemmen who left her one night,
And now she's most shocking reduc'd.
She togs herself neat and goes round
To the rich and gouty old elves,
Who forks down a couple of pound.
Because they've been wicked themselves.

Now that's how ve turns in the dust—
Vot matters the calling I say,
As long as you picks up a crust,
In a hupwright respectable way.
Here's success to all cadgers say I!
May they never be hard up for tin—
And may every gent by the bye,
Allow us to take 'em vell in.

THE FIRST VIOLET.

Sung by Madlle Jetty Treffz.

When the first violet smil'd at my feet,
Its loveliness charm'd me with perfume so
sweet;
The bride of the spring time, fragrant and
Prest to my bosom I cherish'd it there.

The Spring chang'd to Summer, the violet
died!

Gaudier flow'rs bloom in their pride.
They charm not, for ever will fancy pourtray.
The first timid Violet that smil'd on my way.

A JEW'S A MAN FOR ALL THAT

Tune—A man's a man for a' that.

Each man's my friend who joins the strain,
Of liberty and all that,
To free a nation from its chain,
A god-like act I call that.
Yes, all that, and all that,
I'd give my love, and all that,
To him who'd banish prejudice
And free the Jew, for all that.

He who condemns with bigot mind.
His brother-man, and all that,
The hope denied, yet may he find,
And mercy have for all that.
For all that, and all that,
They'd thrall the soul, and all that;
But yet the chosen ones of old
Were Israelites for all that.

hall we from forth our presence spur
S Our fellow-man, and all that;
Because we cannot make him turn
His creed to ours, and all that?
And all that, and all that,
Religion's lamps and all that,
Though fed perchance with different oil,
Burn equal bright, for all that.

By Babylon's rivers, where we wept,
They bade us sing, and all that,
Our harps upon the willows slept
Untuned, untouched, for all that.
For all that and all that,
No song we breath'd for all that,
Can we be bless'd when we are far
From Juda's clime and all that?

From fount of hope we will imbibe
A draught of bliss and all that;
May all the earth be of one tribe—
The tribe of love we'll call that.
We'll call that, we'll call that,
The tribe of love, we'll call that;
Let different sects join heart and hand
Fraternally and all that.

COMFORTLESS HOME.

Tune—Home sweet Home.

When I was unmarried, abroad did I roam
I found every place much more pleasant
home;
I lodged in a room where the casement
And no fire could be made on account of
smoke.

Home, home! comfortless home!
There was no place like home.

I married a woman whom all did admire,
But jump'd from the frying pan into the fire.

She's idle and sluttish, she ne'er cleans my room.
And I every place still find better than home.

There John Jackson's wife is so clean and so smart,
And to welco me his friends is the bliss of her heart;

But if I go home with a friend there's no doubt,
But I find both my wife and my fire gone out

There John Jackson's wife meets him e'er with a smile,
And for him so cleanly she'll fry or will broil;

But if I go home and take something to cook,
I find my wife scolding, and dishes all broke,

There's John Jackson's child, smiling in its long clothes,
Love to caress, for it smells like a rose;

But with my own child I can ne'er bear to meddle,
For its always squalling, and smells so of

My once single state, then I sigh for in vain—
Oh, give me my lonely sky parlour again;
I'd be blest in that garret exposed to the air;
I'd be blest in a cellar, in short anywhere.

ARRAH PADDY HOW YOU BOTHER ME.

To the Fair of Clogheen, with my Judy;
I tripp'd it as nate as a posey!

My darling's blue eyes they were killing,
And her cheeks were blooming and rosy!

"Arrah, Judy!" says I "I am fond of you!"
"The devil another can please me!"

I latched for a kiss, and I took it,
When she giggled out "Paddy be aisy."

"Arrah, Paddy!" says she, "how you bother me!"
[me!]"

"Arrah, Paddy!" says she how you taize
"Arrah, Paddy, sure you'll smother me!"

You devil, now, cant you be aisy!"

It was into a tent that I handed her
With a heart brimful of good nature!

Says I to myself, sure I'll soften her
Heart with a drop of the cratur;

I called for the stuff and she, guzzled it;
The cratur began to get crazy;

"Arrah, Judy sure, I'm fond of you!"
Then giggled out "Paddy be aisy!"

The piper struck up something merry,
While sitting beside the taper;

The girls too they all seem'd inclined
To have just a bit of a caper,

On the green grass then we footed it.
And battered the face of each daisy,
And she dance till his bag hadn't a puff in it,
Till Judy was glad to be aisy!

Then to go home we got ready,
The rain falling gentle and warm;

And to keep the cratur more steady,
I put her leg under my arm.

Thus through the green fields we went,
The rain it gave her some trounces;

As sky-high she kicked up the gutter,
She cried, "Paddy you are spoiling my
flounces!"

To the priest then straightway we tripped it,
With spirit light, airy, and frisky;

We danced like devils till morning,
Then rolled to bed, blind drunk with
whiskey!

Arrah, Judy, I took to my arms,
And she was my love and my joy!

And while I admired her sweet charms,
She said, "I was a broth of a boy!"

MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR.

My Mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue;

Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lace my bodice blue.

'For why,' she cries, 'sit still and weep,
While others dance and play?'

Alas! I scarce can go, or creep,
While Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone
When those we love are near;

I sit upon the mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear.

And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep or dead.
Now Lubin is away.

THE BAY OF NAPLES.

With smiling eye the summer sky,
Enfolds our lovely bay;

Each wavelet dances gaily by,
Like golden-footed Fay.

Lightest zephyrs with perfum'd wing around
us play,
Music sweetest they ever bring a merry lay.

Tralla la, lala, tralla la, lala, tralla la,
The soul with care oppress'd,
Heavy heart, o'erweigh'd by grief.

The wand'rer seeking rest,
 May ever find relief,
 'Neath the sun's loving ray of Naples' bright
 ray,
 Where the breezes ever bear the gondolier's
 With smiling eye the summer sky
 Enfolds our lovely bay;
 Each wavelet dances gaily by,
 Like golden-footed Fay.
 Our bark like a bird, o'er the waters shall
 glide,
 The gay gondoliers pride.

BANG GOES THE DOOR.

Sure there never was an age,
 When to ride was so the rage
 As 'tis getting at the present day,
 People dare not even talk
 Of going for a walk,
 For an omnibus passes every way.
 From the City to the West,
 You are jolted, cramm'd, and press'd
 By dozens at so cheap a rate,
 That if you didn't ride,
 'Twere degrading to your pride,
 No matter, want of room how great,

Spoken.—'Going down? I say, marm, are you going down? What will you charge to take me as far as the Bank?' 'Why, a bob marm.' 'A bob! La, bless me! what's a bob?' 'Vy, two tanners.' 'Two tanners? wouldn't ride in a vehicle for ever so much with two tanners.' 'Here, I say Bill, this old lady don't understand plain English' 'Oh, don't she?

When bang goes the door! "All right!" cads roar.

"Holborn, Oxford Street, or Camden Town
 "City, Bank, Charing Cross, Piccadilly, White Horse?

"Fullham, Hammersmith, or Kew?
 "Going, going, down, going down?

Should a friend invite you down,
 Two or three miles out of town.

Behind a stage is such a bore,
 "Then 'tis too far too walk."

Exclaims your spouse, "Oh, lawk!
 "There's an omnibus passing the door."

Then it's such a pretty place
 You've half an hour's grace,

You are sure to be there in good time;
 In spite of every threat,

Not a mouthful you'll get,
 And you're lucky if in time for wine.

Spoken.—Goin' down, sir? Why, yes, Mr. Bussman, What'll you charge me as far as the Bank? A shilling 'yer honour. I'll give you sixpence. No you won't spooney. If you wanted to go for sixpence, you ought to have been afore. Them ere sixpenny vehicles have passed half an hour ago. So if you walk fast, you'll overtake em.

So bang goes the door, &c

Thus famed for speed and ease,
 Such vehicles as these,
 No wonder they should suit each belle and beau
 Because, without any fuss,
 You can always take a buss,
 Which ever road you chance to go
 So, in spite of every ill,
 These omnibusses fill,
 And profit every journey crown
 'Tis wonderful indeed.
 How the deuce they can succeed
 When they see so many ups and downs.

Spoken.—Goin' down, sir?—You with no hat on I should like to go down! Why don't you jump up then? An' it's all very well to say, Jump up! but I've no money to jump up with. Havn't you any friends? Oh, yes, I've friends—bosom friends—but now they turned backbiters.

I say marm, are you goin' down? Yes I am; but I've a question to ask first. What is it marm? Does your buss shake? Shake marm; What makes you ask that? 'Cause my dear little baby has just taken medicine.

I say, Bill, how d'ye get on to day; Tol, lol, nineteen bob. That's ten for me and nine for the Governor! You should give the Governor ten, and keep the nine yourself. He keeps the horses you know. Oh, he's a good sort! He never hollas.

Then bang goes the door, &c

THE SHOW TIME'S COMING BOYS.

Written by H. E. Spencer.—Sung with great applause at the London Concerts by Mr. Alexander Palmer, celebrated Comic Vocalist and American Delineator.

The show time's coming, boys,
 The show time's coming.

Prince Albert means without a doubt
 To ask his Vic, to let him out.

At the show time coming,
 Where he'll appear without a fear.

It being his invention,
 And take his stand, the girls declare,
 As a model of perfection.

At the big show coming, boys,
 The big show coming:

The big show coming, boys
 Wait a little longer

The show time's coming, boys,
 The show time's coming;

When Prussians, Yankoes, and Greeks,
 Will nigh block up the London Streets.

At the great show time coming
 Flemish Germans, and the Blacks,

Will fill up every quarter,
 And the Russian Bear will take his snacks.

At the Richmond Star and Garter.
 The Show time's coming, boys,

The show time's coming.
 The snobs, I hear, have made it right,

To send in something out of spite,
 For the good show coming,

Twill be a wonder; if 'tis true,
And bring them lots of riches;
For they've among 'em made a shoe,
What's not got not no stitches.

The show time's coming, boys,
The show time's coming;
When needle women will be shewn,
To be made up of skin and bone,

At the show time coming.
A model of their homes, I say,
Have been sent in, don't doubt it,
If English won't—Cannibal's may,
Make a little noise about it.

The show time's coming boys,
The show time's coming,
The thought of which fills every pate,
And makes us talk, at any rate,
Of the show time coming.

The ladies, too, must have a try,
And with each other tussle;
Miss Spinks declares she'll have a shy,
To make a patent bustle.

The show time's coming, boys,
The show time's coming;
When all Nations will contend,
And many things no doubt will send
To the big show coming.

May this great Meeting one thing teach
To every foreign nation.
Mankind most happy are in peace,
It's better than vexation.

I WISH I HAD A SWEETHEART.

Tune—Polly Flowers.

Oh, I'm a very pretty lad—
My name is Tony Toddle—
The very picture of my dad,
From my feet unto my noddle.
My only cause for grief I'll tell—
(But with me don't be sporting)—
Is, that I can't find a girl,
Who will let me come a courting.
Oh, where's a girl to fancy me,
I hope I one shall meet smart—
What a flare-up lad I'd be,
If I could get a sweetheart.

Once I tried to get a kiss,
With a deal of wrangle,
From a very pretty miss
Whose mother kept a mangle
But at me she cocked her nose,
Put herself in such a flutter
And nearly spoilt my Sunday clothes,
By throwing me in the gutter.

To a girl in our street,
I the other day got talking—
Offer'd her a sugar stick so sweet.
If with me she would go a walking.
But when my figure she did scan,
She call'd me a stupid donkey—
And said she'd walk out with a man,
And not a half grown monkey.

If I'd a sweetheart, I declare
I would treat her on a Sunday,
And take her to Greenwich fair
On every Easter Monday.
On brandy balls we'd have a fill,
When we in the park were straying—
Then we'd both roll down the hill,
At kiss in the ring get playing.

And then at every Christmas time,
When I my boxes gather—
I'd take her to see each patomine,
And wouldn't I come out rather.
In the gallery side by side we'd sit,
Like god and goddess reigning—
Throw over nutshells in the pit,
And laugh at folks complaining.
School missus says I am a rake,
And she much afraid is
I shall get into some scrape,
'Cos I'm so fond of the ladies.
She wants me copies to indite,
Such a thought my mind ne'er fetters —
The only things I want to write,
Is what folks call love letters.

My brother Bill has got a girl,
And says she's such a charmer,
Why shouldn't I have one as well?
I'm sure I wouldn't harm her.
Besides smoke a cigar I can,
And that proves I am knowing,
And very soon I'll be a man,
For my whiskers are fast growing.

KNOW'ST THOU THE LAND.

Sung by Maddle Jetty Trellis.

Know'st thou the land were roses ever bloom,
Where winds are breathing ever soft perfume,
Where radiant beams in fadeless glory shine
And all is glowing with a love divine?
'Tis there, oh! father dear, my timid heart
would be, [thee]
Ah! yes I long to tread that happy shore with
Know'st thou the home were all is pure & fair
Where hearts are free from sorrow and from
pleasure's share?
Ah! say, shall ever we a land so welcome seek
Ah! where, dear father, can that blest bright
world be?
'Tis heav'n darling child!"

AGNES.

Air—They told her to forget Me. (From David Copperfield) Written by E. T. Watson.

My ever gentle Agnes!

My friend in former years,

Oh, why that look of sadness,

Come dry away those tears;

But for your voice dear Agnes,

I might have gone astray,

Led on by youthful madness,

Fill lost in folly's way.

My self-denying Agnes!

You lov'd me when I came.

To tell you with such gladness.

I love'd another's name;

You hid your love, sweet Agnes,

Lest I should be distress'd,

To find I had caused sadness,

Within your loving breast:

You were her comfort, Agnes,

When call'd to her bed-side,

She wish'd none but you, Agnes,

Should fill her place—and die.

Three dreary years of sadness,

Since Dora lived, have fled,—

Fulfil her wish, dear Agnes,

The last wish of the dead.

Should Dora look down, Agnes,

From her bright home above,

And see us blest, dear Agnes,

Blest with each other's love.

She'll raise a song of gladness,

That you she lov'd as life,

Fill her place now, my Agnes,

My loving tender wife.

CONSTANCY

Air—A place in thy memory dearest. Written by E. T. Wattson.

May blessings abide with my fondest,

Wherever he goes;

May happiness sweetest and longest,

Delight his repose;

May no harm come to him ever;

May nothing cause him to fear,

May nought e'er lead us to sever

The love that we hold so dear

Inconstancy! ne'er shall thou enter

Our hearts fond embrace;

We'll banish thee as a base tempter,

Thou worst of thy race;

We will live for each other, though yonder

Rough seas may divide for a while,

We'll be true to each other, and fonder,

Till hail'd by each other's smile.

Those days that shall see us confessing

Our love once again,

We'll crown with remembrances blessing,

While life shall remain;

And should ever adversity hover,

Or sadness encompass our ways,

We'll look back on dangers pass'd over,

And thus shall Hope brighten our days.

Then hasten, oh, hasten the hour,

When we shall meet.

To live by love's stronghold and tower,

So pure and sweet;

Our love—like the compass on deck,—

Shall our guide be thorough life's stormy sea

With love, we will ne'er fear a wreck,

While guided by true Constancy

PAT'S WONDERFUL DRUM.

Tune—Teddy O'Gra.

I'm a drummer boy, though I'm rather big;

And how to fight I've learnt the rig,

To hear my adventures no doubt you've come

So you shall, and the life of my wonderful drum

Row de dow, dow, rub a dub, dow,

Whack fol de riddle iddle, row dow, dow

I'm from Dublin town that city of fame;

And Barney Blowhard is my name.

I can soak my parchment wid whisky & rum,

Och! and charm all your hearts wid my wonderful

derful drum. Row de dow, &

On parade one day I'd a drop too much,

And divil a bit could my drum I touch;

Says the drum, "Och Barney, you're a lark
elf!"

So, to save me a bating, why, he bate himself

Row de dow,

At the glorious battle of Ching-ping-choo.

Drum and I did the business betwene us two

For every cannon ball that come

I knock'd clean back wid my wonderful drum

Row de dow,

Says the Chiney captain, "Divil burn ye

hides,

Let daylight through John Bull's insides;

But they couldn't hear the charge, for I str

'em all dumb

Wid a thundering blow on my wonderful drum

Row de dow,

So out of the long-tails we took the conceit,

And cut 'em all up like sassage meat;

But, for fear of life they again might come,

I bate out their brains wid my wonderful

drum. Row de dow,

says Pottinger, "Barney, my boy," says he,
By my sowl, you're the next great man to
me;

The Chineys would ha' whack'd us, as sure as
it hadn't ha' been for your wonderful drum.

Row de dow, &c.

I arrived in England with spirits high,

And was introduced to her Majesty:

Barney, says she, I'm glad you've come—
I long to peep at your wonderful drum.

Row de dow, &c.

So the Queen straightway my drum she collars

Says she, was it this now that won the dollars?

Says I, it's the very identical, mum,

Then I played her a solo on my wonderful
drum.

Row de dow, &c.

The Prince of Wales, for it then did cry,

Says the Queen, Mr. Barney, your drum I'll
buy—

Says I, no you don't—not for not no sum,

For a mother to me is my wonderful drum.

Row de dow, &c.

At last 'twas agreed that I should play

To the royal babbies once a day;

But no matter for that, I'll be proud to come,

And astonish your nerves wid my wonderful
drum.

Row de dow, &c.

THE ROSE WILL CEASE TO BLOW.

The rose will cease to blow,

The eagle turn a dove,

The streams will cease to flow,

Ere I will cease to love.

The sun will cease to shine,

The world will cease to move,

The stars their light resign,

Ere I will cease to love.

DEAR! IN PITY DO NOT SPEAK.

Moore.

Dear! in pity do not speak;

In your eyes I read it all,

In the flushing of your cheek,

In those tears that fall.

Yes, yes, my soul! I see

You love, you live for only me!

Beam, yet beam that killing eye,

Bids me expire in luscious pain;

But kiss me, kiss me while I die,

And, oh! I live again!

Still, my love, with looking kill,

And, oh! revive with kisses still!

CATALANI JOE, THE BALLAD MONGER!

Come all you chaunting vocalists, that vorbels
high and low sirs,

A yard and half of music buy of Catalani Joe,
Here's love songs, and comic songs, and songs
of ev'ry nation.

But if you'll wait a instant you shall have 'em
in rotation.

My wife she is a vonder quite—I cannot love
another—

That's the ticket—Take a sight—Roger how's
your mother?

I couldn't think of sich a thing—While the
stormy winds do blow, sir—

What's a house without a woman—With a
helmet on his brow sir.

When a little farm we keep—On the banks
of Allan Water—

We met—The moralizing sweep—and The
Ratcatcher's daughter—

Thump thump, scold scold—The Washer
woman's wrangle—

Lor bless me who'd ha' thought it—Has your
mother sold her mangle.

Moggy Lauder—Who are you?—The sun is
o'er the mountain

John White—To day I'm sixty two—Let us
wander by the fountain—

Sweet Eyes—Deep in a Forest dell—Doctors
they can ease ill.

Feyther thankee's, pretty well, and mother's
got the measels.

Now's the day and now's the hour—Pretty
little Sally—

My Helen is the fairest flower—She lives in
our Alley.

The cove wet sports a four and nine—How
to spend a dollar—

Won't you be my woluntine?—Kate Kearney
never holloa!

In infancy our hopes and fears—Begone dull
care O!

The flag that brav'd a thousand years—At a
country Fair O!

Far from me my lover flies—Sound the
trumpet boldly—

Drink to me only with thine eyes—I'm a
fashionable coaley.

When the southern breezes blow—Hurrah
I'm of to sea, love—

Such a beauty I did grow—Did you ever think
of me, love?

Why did I love—Sary Sykes—Lasses love the
sailors—

Tom Bowling—What's a woman like? The
devil among the Tailors.

Love was once a little pet—never go a tossing
 'm over young to marry yet—The man wot
 sweeps a crossing—
 Meet me at the garden gate—A fig for pride
 and riches—
 Pray, Goody, please to moderate—Hodge's
 leather breeches.

Ben Block--She never told her love--Going out
 a fishing—
 Mother give your boy a buss—a chapter upon
 kissing—
 You gentlemen of England—We've lived and
 loved together—
 God bless our Queen Victoria, and may she
 reign for ever!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING MY PRETTY MAID.

Music at Duncombe and Moon's

Where are you going, my pretty maid?
 Going a-milking, sir, she said, sir, she said.
 Shall I go with you my pretty maid,
 Yes if you please, kind sir, she said, sir, she
 said.
 Shall I marry you, my pretty maid?
 O yes, and I thank you, sir, she said,
 What is your fortune, my pretty maid?
 My face is my fortune, sir, she said, sir, she
 said.
 Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid.
 Nobody ask'd you, sir, she said, sir, she said.

FREE AND EASY.

I'm the lad that's free and easy,
 Though a simple country clown,
 And I'll do my best to please you,
 Though they call me honest John.
 Let the world jog as it will;
 I'll be free and easy still,
 Free and easy, free and easy,
 I'll be free and easy still.

There's a maid I could fancy,
 Oh that she would fancy me,
 Then I would call her charming Nancy,
 Still I'll be free and easy still.

If this maid she should prove civil,
 True and constant I will be.
 If she's merry as the devil,
 Still I'll free and easy be.

If a King should set beside me,
 I'd smoke my pipe with usual glee,
 Let puppies laugh, and fools deride me.
 Still I'll free and easy be.

BILLY BARLOW.

When I was born, says old mother Goose,
 He is a fine boy, but he'll be of no use;
 My father he said that to church I should go
 And there he had me christened, Billy Barlow
 O dear, lacaday O, &c.

My father he said I came from a good breed,
 So he sent me to school to learn me to read,
 But because I could not tell all my letters
 once, [dunc
 They put me on a foolscap and called me

One day my mother O Billy, says she,
 Will you go and fetch me some milk for my tea
 But going along I broke the milk-pot,
 And when I got home what a wopping I got.

As I walk through the streets, I can't tell for
 why, [goes a Guy!
 The boys they point at me saying—"there
 Twas only last night very well I remember,
 They said that they'd burn me next 5th of
 November.

O then there's my brother, I did him displeas
 He gave me soap for to eat and said it was
 cheese,
 And when he had done 't he called it a joke,
 But for three weeks after poor Billy ne'er
 spoke.

As I walk along the girls as I pass,
 O how they look at me and cock up a glass,
 And then they cry out, both one and all,
 There goes a great fool, that's got nothing
 at all.

The morn I got up not thinking of harm,
 And took a walk in the fields, the sun it being
 warm,
 Went to the new river all for to catch fish,
 But my foot gave a slip, so I fell into a ditch,
 Now I'm grown old, it is my ill luck,
 Along with another man to draw a truck;
 And because I'm so feeble, to work I can't
 stick,
 So when I get home they give me oakum to
 pick.

THE CABIN BOY.

Music sold by Duncombe and Moon.

The sea was rough, the clouds were dark,
 Far distant every joy,
 When forc'd by fortune to embark,
 I went as cabin boy.

My purse soon fill'd with Frenchmen's gold,
 I hasten'd home with joy,
 But wreck'd in sight of port, behold
 A hapless cabin boy.

A SOUTHERLY WIND AND A CLOUDY SKY.

Music published by Duncombe & Co.

A. outhly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim a hunting morning,
Before the sun rises we nimbly fly,
Dull sleep and a downy bed scorning,—
To horse, my boys, to horse away,
The chase admits of no delay;
On horseback we've got, together we'll trot;
Leave off your chat, see the cover appear;
The hound that strikes first, cheer him with-
out fear; [hound;
Drag on him! ah, wind him, my steady good
Drag on him! ah, wind him, the cover re-
sounds.

How complete the cover and furze they draw
Who talks of Barry or Maynell?
Young *Lasher* he flourishes now through the
shaw,
And *Saucebox* roars out in his kennel.
Away we fly, as quick as thought;
The new sown ground soon makes them
fault;

Cast round the sheep's train, cast round, cast
round;
Try back the deep lane, try back, try back,
Hark! I hear some hound challenge in yonder
spring sedge; [hedge
Comfort bitch hits it there, in that old thick
Hark forward! hark forward, have at him
my boys,
Hark forward! hark forward! zounds, don't
make a noise.

A stormy sky, o'ercharg'd with rain,
Both hounds and huntsmen opposes;
In vain on your metal you try, boys, in vain,
But down, you must, to your noses,
Each moment now, the sky grows worse,
Enough to make a parson curse;
Pick through the plough'd ground, pick thro'
pick thro', [hunted,
Well hunted, good hounds, well hunted, well
If we can but get on, we shall soon make him
quake;
Hark, I hear some hounds challenge in the
midst of the brake, [plain,
Tally ho! tally ho, there! across the green
Tally ho! tall ho, boys! have at him again,
Thus we ride, whip and spur for a two hour's
chase,
Our horses go panting and sobbing,
Young *Madcap* and *Riot* being now to race,
Ride on, sir, and give him some mobbing.
But hold—alas you'll spoil our sport,
For tho' the hound you'll head him short

Clap round him, dear *Jack*, clap round, clap
round! [hark, back.
Hark *Drummer*, hark, hark, hark, hark,
He's jumping and dangling in every bush;
Little *Riot* has fastened his teeth in his brush.
Who-hoop, who-hoop, he's fairly run down!
Who-hoop, &c.

BACHELOR'S FARE.

One night my sweetheart came to woo,
When I was left and lonely,
He looked so kind and handsome too
I loved him and him only.
The village chime told supper time,
What could I do, dear misses?
For, as I live, I'd nought to give
But bread, and cheese, and kisses.
But bread, and cheese, &c.

He asked my hand with such a grace,
What woman could refuse him?
I think, had you been in my place
You'd say 'twas right to choose him;
I hung my head, and simpering said,—
What could I say dear misses?
I will be thine, though we should dine
On bread, and cheese, and kisses.
On bread and cheese, &c

Next morning we exchanged our vows,
I prize his golden present,
Which seems like magic to disclose
Each morrent something pleasant.
His cheerful smiles each care beguile
Believe me dearest misses,
'Tis bliss to share with him our fare,
Though bread, and cheese, and kisses.
Tough bread, and cheese, &c

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,
I'm owre young to marry yet.
I'm owre young, 'twould be a sin,
To take me frae my mammy yet;
I am my mammy's ain baird
Nor of my hame am weary yet,
And I would have ye learn lads,
That ye for me must tarry yet.

For I'm owre young, &c.

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,
I'm owre young to marry yet,
I'm owre young, 'twould be a sin
To take me frae my mammy yet;
For I hae had my ain way,
Nane dare to contradict me yet,
So soon to say I wad obey,
In truth I darena venture yet.

For I'm owre young, &c.

OLD ENGLAND SHALL WEATHER THE STORM,

Old England, thy stamina never has yielded,
To the ills that have menac'd abroad and at home,
And while all your energies nobly are wielded
Triumphant you still shall support freedom's dome.

Distress for a moment may dim your bright glory, [shall deform ;

But the clouds shall pass over—no cares
The councils and people shall tell the proud story.

Old England for ever shall weather the storm.

Thy force single-handed, has long been victorious, [the brave

The friend of the suffering—the pride of
Thy struggles, privations, have ever been glorious,

The birth-place of liberty—home of the slave

Yes, yes, there's a spirit within thee proclaiming, [disarm ;

No blast of misfortune thy strength can
Like thine own native oak, the rude tempest disdaining,

Old England for ever shall weather the storm.

MY BEAUTIFUL RHINE.

Music sold by Duncombe and Moon, Holborn.

How sweet 'tis to wander,

When day beams decline,

And sunset is gilding,

My beautiful Rhine.

Dulia ! Dulia !

Hark, the bold hunter's horn,

Through the vale are its sweet echoes borne,

But no more on the mountain he'll merrily roam,

For the smile of his love glads the bold hunter home.

In thy waters reflected,

The stars palely shine—

Like his eyes darkly glancing,

My beautiful Rhine!

Dulia ! Dulia ! &c.

This heart wildly throbbing

In silence must pine,

Like the depths of thy waters,

My beautiful Rhine!

Dulia ! Dulia ! &c.

THE SONG OF THE OUTCAST!

Music sold by Duncombe and Moon.

I was born on a winter's morn—

Welcom'd to life with hate and scorn—

Torn from a famished mother's side,

Who left me here with a laugh and died !

Left me here with the curse of life,

To be toss'd about in the burning strife—

Link'd to nothing but shame and pain,

Echoing nothing but man's disdain.

Oh, that I might again be born

With treble my strength of hate and scorn !

They cast me out in my hungry need—

A dog, whom none would own nor feed :

Without a home—without a meal—

They bade me go forth to slay and steal.

What wonder, God ! had my hands been red

With the blood of a host, in secret shed !

But, no ! I fought on the free sea wave,

And perill'd my life for my plunder brave.

And never yet shrank in nerve or breath,

But struck, as the pirate strikes, to death !

I'VE JOURNEYED OVER MANY LANDS.

I've journey'd over many lands,

I've sailed on ever sea—

Vast Egypt's parched and burning sands,

No strangers are to me ;

But 'neath the Indian cot,

And the wide Atlantic sky,

Dear maid, thou'lt never be forgot,

Nor the fire of thy bright eye.

My home has been the mountain steep—

The desert's cave my bed,

When the winds have wafted me to sleep

And cool'd my aching head,

But yet the iron grasp of care,

Hath never dared to press :

The sunshine of thy smile was there,

In memory to bless.

O, WHERE IS MY LOVER.

O, where is my lover, so fickle and frail !

He vow'd he'd be constant to me ;

Yet haply, now tells to another the tale,

Of whisper'd near yonder lov'd tree,

Those dew sprinkled branches by nature must fade,

Those blossoms will soon withered be ;

But affection once blighted to man or to maid,

Should prove firm as the root of a tree.

WILL NOT BE MARRIED YET.

A Popular Comic Duet.

HE. I'll not be married yet, sir, do not linger by my side; [bride; tell you once for all, sir, I can never be your very much obliged by all attentions you have shown, I told you all along, sir, that my heart was all my own,

HE. What! false to me! and why Miss? 'twas all a settled thing!

Your father sigh'd, your mother cried—I've been and bought the ring;

I've ask'd my friends to dinner—we've fixed upon the day;

Whatever do you mean, Miss, by driving me away?

BOTH. 'Twere better for us both that we had never met,

SHE. I tell you once for all, sir, I can't be married yet.

HE. Then tell me so abruptly, you can't be married yet.

SHE. You've ask'd your friends to dinner, and you don't know what to do;

How can you doubt they'll all be very glad to dine with you? [the set;

But as to your connexions, why I never liked Besides, I'm quite determined that I won't be married yet.

HE. But, madam, I have vow'd that in your service I must die,

I've been your beau—

SHE. Too long I know—I've now another tie

HE. I've been your spark to play and park, have driven you about.

SHE. And now, like any other spark, I tell you to go out.

BOTH. 'Twere better, &c.

HE. Why madam you refused not the presents I would bring—

SHE. I doat upon those ear-rings, but I never liked the ring;

HE. You gave me cause to hope ma'am, that I shouldn't be denied—

SHE. The carriage was so pleasant in which we used to ride.

HE. You flatter'd me with sighs, miss—I fed upon your looks.

SHE. You really show'd your taste in selecting me those books.

HE. And did they only teach you that my presents were in vain?

HE. You could not doubt my meaning—

Indeed, sir, you're too plain.

BOTH. 'Twere better, &c.

HE. Well madam, after all, I see no reason to regret;

Those ear-rings may be diamonds, but they're British, all the set.

SHE. Provoking! I've reported of their costliness about,

But they will do to wear at home—

HE. You cannot wear them out.

SHE. But stay, I've just been thinking what remedy might do—

You'll buy the wedding suit love.

HE. Yes, if you're coming to.

SHE. 'Twas really not in earnest, sir, whatever I have spoke;

I could not say I would not wed, unless it was in joke.

BOTH. We must forget, we must forgive the angry word past,

Then here's my hand—you have my heart—we shall be wed at last.

BY SILVER STREAMS,

By silver streams and tuneful grove,

Oh, give my peaceful steps to rove;

To haunt the brink of tinkling rills,

The flow'r'y vales or sloping hills,

Far, far, from all all I fear or hate,

From splendid life's delusive state.

Splendour canker'd with distress,

Grandeur mix'd with littleness.

JACK OAKHAM AT THE PLAY.

Jack Oakham was a seaman good,

As ever stood to gun!

And when on shore was always first,

To join a bit of fun.

One night near Plymouth Dock he stroll'd.

A play bill caught his eye,

By which "The Tempest" was announced

In letters three feet high.

Jack tho' he'd never seen a play,

To join the folks was willing,

So straight he mounted up aloft—

For which he paid a shilling.

The curtain rose the play commenced,

With thunder, lightning, rain;

The vessel, with a horrid crash,

Was instant rent in twain.

That moment all the gallery props

Gave way in sullen fit,

And shower'd down the motley crew,

Right headlong in the pit.

Says Jack, "If this be play my lads,

By Jove I'll instant strike it!

It may be fun for aught I know,

But d—n me if I like it."

Next year in London Jack arriv'd,
To make a few weeks stay,
And stroll'd to Drury's lofty walls—
"The Tempest" was the play.

But slyly in the pit he got,
Rememb'ring former folly,
And far removed from danger's shore,
Determined to be jolly

Soon as the well known scene began,
And lightnings rent the skies,
He twisted round with cunning leer,
And upwards turned his eyes.

'Hold hard aloft you jolly dogs,
I like these jovial parties!
Mind what you're at you shilling swabs,
For here you come my hearties.'

THE CHARMING WOMAN.

Music by Keith and Co. Cheapside.

So Miss Myrtle is going to marry,
What a number of hearts she will break.
There's Lord George, and Tom Brown, and
Sir Harry,

Are dying of love for her sake.
'Tis a match that we must all approve,
Let the gossips say all that they can—
For indeed she's a charming woman,
And he's a most fortunate man.

Yes, indeed, she's a charming woman,
She reads both Latin and Greek;
I'm told, too, that she solved a problem
In Euclid, before she could speak.

Had she been but a daughter of mine,
I'd have taught her to hem and to sew,
But her mother—(a charming woman)!
Couldn't think of such trifles you know!

But she's really a charming woman—
Yet I think she's a little too thin;
No wonder such very late hours
Should ruin her beautiful skin.

Her shoulders are rather too bare,
Her gown's nearly up to her knees—
But I'm told that these charming women
May dress themselves just as they please,

es, she's really a charming woman—
But have you observed by the bye,
A something that's rather uncommon
In the flash of that very bright eye?

It may be a fancy of mine,
Though her voice has rather a sharp tone
But I'm told that these charming women
Are apt to have wills of their own.

She sings like a bullfinch or linnet,
She talks like an archbishop too,

She can play you a rubber and win it—
If she's got nothing better to do.
She can chatter of poor laws and tithes,
Of the valuable labour and land—
Tis a pity when charming women
Talk of things they don't understand.

I'm told she hasn't a penny,
Yet her gowns would make Maradan stare.
I fear, too, that her bills must be many,
But you know that's her husband's affair.
Such husbands are very uncommon,
So regardless of prudence and self—
But they say such a charming woman
Is a fortune, you know, in herself.

She has brothers and sisters by dozen,
Right charming people, they say—
She has several tall Irish cousins'
Whom she loves in a sisterly way.
Now, young men, if you'd take my advice,
You would find it an excellent plan,
Don't marry a charming woman,
If you are a sensible man.

HE WAS FAMED.

He was fam'd for deeds of arms,
She a maid of envied charms,
Now to him her love imparts,
One pure flame pervades both hearts
Honour calls him to the field,
Love to conquest now must yield;
Sweet maid, he cries, again I'll come to thee,
When the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

Battle now with fury glows,
Hostile blood in torrents flows;
His duty tells him to depart,
She prest the hero to her heart,
And now the trumpet sounds to arms!
And now the clash of war's alarms,
Sweet Maid, he cries again I'll come to thee,
When the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

He with love and conquest burns,
Both subdue his mind by turns,
Death the soldier now enthral!
With his wounds the hero falls!
She disdainful war's alarms,
Rush'd and caught him in her arms!
O death! he cried, thou'rt welcome now to me
For hark! the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

VILLAGE MAIDS.

Whilst with village maids I stray,
Sweetly wears the joyous day;
Cheerful glows my artless breast,
Mild content the constant guest.